

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Mary Elizabeth's Namesake

BY BEULAH KING

MARY Elizabeth pressed her rosy cheek against the window pane. Outside her brothers and sisters were playing games. "I wish I could go out," said Mary Elizabeth.

"There there, dear," said grandma who sat at the fireplace knitting, "perhaps tomorrow."

"But I'm all well now," persisted Mary Elizabeth. "Oh dear, I think I'll jump out of the window."

"Tut, tut," said grandma, "you'll do no such thing. What an idea, child!" And quite suddenly she dropped her work and looked at Mary Elizabeth earnestly. "What an idea!" she repeated. "What made you think of it?"

"I don't know," said Mary Elizabeth. "I just thought of it—that's all."

"Good land," said grandma and began straightway to chuckle. Now when grandma chuckled you were sure she had something to tell—something for little folks' ears. So Mary Elizabeth gathered her short skirts about her and seated herself on the braided mat before the fireplace, all eagerness.

"Begin, grandma," she said.

Grandma settled herself more comfortably in the big chintz chair and began. "It's about your great-grandmother Whittington, Mary Elizabeth," she said.

"Oh," said Mary Elizabeth, Great-grandmother Whittington had been very beautiful. There was a portrait of her in the library in which she wore a crimson satin dress. Mary Elizabeth had been named for her.

"It was the year," grandma went on, "when your great-great-grandfather's family was living in Boston. Your great-grandmother was seven years old. She was a dear little thing, in her quaint hoop skirts and curls.

"But she was mischievous too—dear me, yes—she was mischievous. Perhaps she thought she had to be for the entertainment of her small brothers and sisters.

"It was a day in May that I am to tell you about. The air was soft and the whole earth beautiful. The gardener had been raking the last bit of straw from the lawns and gardens and a high pile

of it lay beneath the nursery window. Your great-grandmother's father was expecting a guest—a famous guest, in fact a general! The family, of course, was much flattered to entertain such a man. You could hardly blame them for he was a very grand person indeed with his wig and his brilliant uniform and his sword.

"Now all the children, your great-grandmother especially, had been charged

be presented as soon as the grown-ups had been. It was a long distance, mind you, from the drawing room doors to the end of the room where the company would gather and one must have steady knees and one must be sure of what one intended to say and just when one should curtsey. To do the thing badly, to make a mistake, to mess up one's entrance was a very serious matter in that household.

"The children thought a good deal about it all that day and the next. They had plenty of time as it was three o'clock before the carriage with their father went to meet the general. They were all dressed by two and in the nursery waiting, very much excited, very much excited indeed. Your great-grandmother has often told me how many times she smoothed her small brother's hair because he would jump up and down and disarrange it. She must have had her hands full, poor dear, for there were four younger than herself, besides Tom the oldest. They were the twins, Lucy and Polly, Gerald, who always rumpled his blouses and baby John who was just three but was to be presented just the same and felt quite as grand as any of them. Of course he didn't know what a general was, but by the talk of the others he felt sure a great treat was in store for him.

"Mary Elizabeth wore a beautiful new gown for the occasion and she looked—so I've been told—like a flower. Of course it had a hoop—a marvelous hoop in the bottom of the skirt—and she was very proud of it.

"Now it seemed that through some mishap on the road the general was late. For two whole hours the children pressed their small noses against the window panes and watched. No coach. No general.

"Pooh," said Tom, "I don't believe any general's coming." And baby John began to cry. "Of course he's coming," Mary Elizabeth said. "There there, baby, don't cry." And she patted his soft little cheek. "I'll play for you—to" amuse you all. What shall I do?" At these words the children were all attentive. When Mary Elizabeth amused them, it was fun indeed. She thought of the jolliest games. She did the funniest stunts. "Will you



Drawing by Marjorie Terry Chellis

"She opened wide the nursery window and climbed up in all her splendor."

against misbehavior. Only the day before the governess with painstaking care had instructed them in just what they should do upon their presentation to the great man. Back and forth over the nursery floor they had gone, practicing their bow and manner of entrance. It was to be a very grand occasion indeed. Even your great-grandmother was impressed. Of all the guests who had come to visit them there had been none like this one and very conscientiously her little curtsey was practiced again and again. Of course the children were to

play a little, Mary Elizabeth?" they asked. "Will you really?" "Of course I will," said Mary Elizabeth, and to herself. "I must do something to keep them quiet until he comes."

"They were all standing at the windows. Out before them stretched the driveway and the gardens and underneath the straw pile, not very far below for the house was low and rambling. 'We can't play stunts,' said Lucy. 'We're all dressed up.' Baby John began to cry. 'Yes—yes—yes,' he said. 'I know,' said Mary Elizabeth. 'I'll do a stunt and you can all watch me. I'm quite grown up and I can manage stunts without tearing my frock.' 'Yes—yes—yes,' said baby John."

Suddenly grandma stopped and looked at her granddaughter without a twinkle. "Mind you," she said, "I'm not upholding your great-grandmother when I say she did the stunt to keep the others quiet—no, I'm not upholding her."

"What did she do?" whispered her granddaughter, all excited.

"What did she do?" repeated grandma. "She opened wide the nursery window and climbed up on to the sill—climbed up in all her splendor. The children gathered close about her as she stood there holding onto the casing. They were excited, terribly excited. They were never quite sure of what Mary Elizabeth would do. All thoughts of the General's coming had passed out of their minds—their curtseys, their behavior—everything. Thus was the power of Mary Elizabeth!

"As she stood there, perched for flight, they could think of nothing else. Baby John squealed with delight. The others were silent. At last Tom whispered, 'What are you going to do Mary Elizabeth?' Just as if he didn't know! 'I'm going to jump down on that pile of straw,' said Mary Elizabeth, pointing to the high heap just below them. 'I'm going to fly through the air like a robin.' There was a murmur among the children. It was, indeed, a thrilling moment. 'Remember,' said Mary Elizabeth, 'you are not to tell on me—ever, and you are to come around to the back door and let me up to the nursery before the general arrives.' 'Yes, yes,' said five excited little voices.

Mary Elizabeth balanced herself and laughed a little from pure delight. 'Is the general's coach in sight?' she asked, knowing all the while it was not. 'No,' whispered five voices. 'Are you sure?' she said in dramatic tones. Five pairs of bright eyes peered down the driveway. 'No,' repeated five voices. 'Then—' said Mary Elizabeth, shutting her eyes and swaying a little, 'watch close! One—Two—THREE!' With a leap her tiny feet in their patent leather slippers sprang from the sill. Out went her arms like the wings of a bird and down flew Mary Elizabeth like a little fluttering flower.

"Ah, it was thrilling, the speed, the cool air, the queer feeling in the pit of her small stomach—when, br-r-r—

BUMP! A twitch, a thump, a sudden stop and then—oh, what do you think? There she was, held in mid-air by a nail in the side of the house. Her skirt, her wonderful hoop skirt, had caught on it. Like a rag doll she hung against the side of the house in full view of the driveway. In vain the children tried to reach down and rescue her. In vain she wriggled about in hopes that skirt would give way, but material was good in those days. 'What shall I do?' she wailed. 'The general will see me. What shall I do?' She thought of her grand entrance into the drawing room, of the curtsey she had practiced and of her speech of welcome!

"In the nursery there was a grave consultation. Something must be done and done quickly for poor Mary Elizabeth. 'We'll get a stepladder,' said Tom. 'A rope!' said Lucy. 'A hook,' said Polly. Ah, your poor great-grandmother, my dear! There she hung quite helpless. It was a terrible situation but there was no use to weep over it, no use at all. 'A stepladder's best,' Tom decided. 'We'll go around by the back way and—' 'Oh—oh—oh!' screamed Mary Elizabeth. 'Oh my, oh my, LOOK!' The five of them looked and there, just turning in at the gate was the coach of the general. On and on it came and the general, who, it was said, had the habit of gazing at the surrounding country when riding, was peering out of the window. Of course he wanted to see the place he was to visit so he leaned far out to get a good look at it. Ah my dear, he little knew what a strange sight would greet him—what a rare spectacle! Of course he could not believe his eyes. You would not expect him to, so he put on his glasses. Was it any wonder? He was a man who had travelled far and wide, in many strange lands and among many strange peoples, but never in all his wanderings had he seen a small girl in a flowered hoop skirt nailed against the side of a house! Ah, it was a trying day for your great-great-grandfather!"

"After much trouble they rescued Mary Elizabeth. Useless had been all the practicing, all the preparations! There she stood before the general a sorry sight, her dress torn, herself ashamed. The great general could only pity her and she, poor dear, could only weep!

Grandma stopped and Mary Elizabeth wiped a sympathetic tear from her eye. "It was the fault of that horrid hoop skirt," she said.

"Perhaps," said grandma, "but I think it was the fault of her own foolishness. She did not look before she leaped!"

"Did she ever see the general again?" asked Mary Elizabeth.

"Once" said grandma, "at a ball. It was when she was grown up and had little girls of her own. 'I don't allow hoop skirts on my children,' she told him. 'I wouldn't,' said he with a twinkle. 'Do you allow piles of straw under your nursery windows?'"

What The Seagrass Knew

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

IT was the slender Seagrass that whispered to the Float, Her slim green leaves a-ripple in the rhythm of the swell: "You think you're pretty clever, with your frisky friend, the Boat, But you don't even know one-half the secrets I can tell!"

"I know the wily wand'ring of the lithe and languid Eels, Who slide and swish about my roots, searching for their food; I can tell you of the tickles that Itchy Starfish feels, And the sinful, pinful pricklings of Sam Sea-Urchin rude;

"I know when Johnny Cunner in his coat of navy-blue, Steals the bait of fishermen, with flips of finny glee; I know how patient Charley Crab, scuttling sideways through, Grubs an honest living from the bottom of the sea;

"I know the secrets of the Clams, bashful though they be, And brown-clad, plodding Snail-folk tell me all their woes; The fickle Waves are always glad to come and play with me— At last the poor Float bobbed assent, and brought her to a close!"

More Hilltop Adventures

After The Cloudburst

Part Two

BY EDNA S. KNAPP

IT was over in an instant. There was a roar as the car reached the "resting place", struck the wet clay, swerved to the edge of the great washout, tilted, and plunged upside down into the hole that seemed yawning for it. Margaret had a vivid, flashing view of the alarm in the face of the young driver, then next she was gazing at the inverted chassis, one wheel partly showing above the edge of the hole.

Margaret stood for an instant petrified with horror. She could hardly believe her eyes, and looked, then looked again, and rubbed her eyes to make sure this was no nightmare vision. Then she remembered the water in the bottom of the ditch. How deep was it? She must do something to help.

Henry came leaping down the hill and stood with her by the gray tire that was uplifted at their feet. His boyish face was set and stern with feeling.

"There's water down there," said Margaret. "I wonder if it's deep enough—She dared not finish.

"They're hanging head down," exclaimed Henry. "They must be wedged into the machine."

"Will they have air enough to breathe?"

Did the glass break?" was Margaret's breathless query.

Henry leaped the narrowest part of the ditch and bent back the roots and branches as best he could. "Nary a break," he reported.

Margaret, kneeling by the tire that brushed her face, examined the side of the machine as well as the ditch permitted. "It was caught as a toad swallows a fly," she said. "They've got to have air, Henry. They'll suffocate."

"Dr. Lindsay wouldn't thank us to smash his car windows," groaned Henry, "but here goes." He could not reach the glass with his foot, and there was no club in sight.

"The bars!" cried both cousins together, and were off. In far less time than it takes to tell it, they were back dragging bars from a break in the endless line of stone wall that marched beside the road from town to town.

Henry made one or two attempts to open the door that was tightly wedged before he smashed the glass with vigorous downward blows of his pointed pole. Crash! Smash! And then the glass tinkled down out of the way.

"Ah!" breathed a young-sounding voice. "That's good. I can breathe a little now." Margaret's quick ear caught, too, a sort of smothered sound, half groan and half wail.

"Are you folks alive?" called Henry, his face close to the ground and with no thought of the absurdity of the question.

"Alive but horribly uncomfortable," came the young voice. "Get us out, can you? We can't breathe."

"We are just two children," Margaret's calm voice sent this message. "But we'll do what we can. Henry, could we pry the front corner on this side up a little with our bars so the folks could crawl out?"

"Leverage might do it," said Henry, thoughtfully. "It's up to us. They might suffocate before we could bring any help. Is your bar sound wood? Help get these roots out of the way for a try."

Margaret pulled things aside and slashed with Henry's knife while Henry plied the hatchet. Next they found the ditch was not wide enough to give working space. Margaret began knocking the edge of the roadway into the ditch, widening the opening alongside the door of the car. Henry put his strength and nimble arms to the task. They got their poles under the front of the little car and pried, once, twice, thrice, without result except to have the poles slip. Then they rested a moment.

"Try in another place," said Margaret between set teeth. Moving their poles slightly, they tried again and lifted the car a little.

"Leave those bars under and get some more," directed Henry. The cousins hurried to the barway several times and dragged down all the bars. They managed to raise the corner of the car a little



Drawing by Sears Gallagher

The Sailor Boy

BY E. KENLY BACON

MY mother dressed me up like this—
I'd just heaps rather be
In my old overalls, because
There isn't any sea
For miles and miles around. To stand
Dressed in a sailor suit on land
Seems kind of queer! I'd rather be
Dressed up like this when I'm at sea!

more and support it with the poles they had pressed into service.

Then they surveyed the job. The front wheel was now partly above ground, but the machine had settled deeper on the back side. What of the passenger underneath? No time to wonder about that, they had to work like mad instead.

There was still not nearly room enough for a person to crawl out through the broken glass of the door, and the side of the ditch blocked the door. Henry began to chop the clay from the side of the ditch nearest the door of the inverted coupe and Margaret, using a shingle as a shovel, got the loosened earth out of the way as quickly as she could move.

When they had an opening that made escape possible, Henry smashed the rest of the glass in the wedged door and the driver, helped and pulled by Henry and Margaret, managed to crawl out. He tried to stand, then dropped heavily to the ground. Groans long and loud began to issue from the car.

"It's father. I must get him out," the young fellow on the ground murmured dizzily.

"Can you move, sir? We'll help you if you can get to the door here," called Henry cheerfully.

The rescued driver, a young chap of twenty, gathered himself together and lent a hand as a disgusted and angry face appeared in the opening. The second

victim was far from thin, he was pinned down by the position of the car, and he was dizzy from his enforced position.

Margaret stepped back and allowed the two boys to accomplish this rescue. Little by little, with many groans and ejaculations from the prisoner, this was effected. First his head, his arms, then part of a fleshy body appeared; next he stuck fast. At last he was dragged out and lay prone on the side of the wet clay roadway.

Four more disreputable-looking people it would have been hard to find on a glorious vacation morning. The cousins were as soiled and disheveled as were the rescued pair. Hanging head downward is not pleasant, and the cousins were not surprised that their guest needed time to recover. Margaret brought water from the brook and gave to each in turn. After a long draught, the older man sat up and blinked and gazed about him. Then he opened his lips and spoke at length. It appeared that the world was all wrong, that nothing untoward should *dare* happen to oppose his plans, that the cousins had no business to have such places by the road and that they must go somewhere at once and get him another car! He was not used to having his clothes spoiled nor to smashing borrowed cars. It was bad enough to have his own car broken up by a tree falling onto it near North Denby the night before and have to borrow Dr. Lindsay's. No, Kenneth McCormack wanted another car! Why didn't those idiotic youngsters go for one at once?

Kenneth, Jr., turned a flushed, pleading face to the weary young cousins still out of breath from their exertions. "We will walk back to North Denby, father," he said gently. "We are luckily not injured beyond bruises. And we owe our lives to the quick wit and clear heads of these two children. Without their aid we must have suffocated. Do you realize that, sir?"

But the little fat man was too ruffled to realize anything just then except that his plans were upset, his dignity ruffled and his clothes spoiled. Still grumbling, he handed each child a silver dime and started limping unwillingly up the hill toward North Denby, without once looking back. Henry flung the dime on the ground and put his foot on it. His quick temper blazed at what seemed to him an insult, as well it might. He bit his lips, however, to keep back any words, for Kenneth, Jr. was speaking to Margaret, who was biting her lips to keep back the laughter that, however, overflowed her dancing eyes.

"Father is not quite himself today. There are business reasons why he is in a hurry, and I drove so. We owe you much for timely aid. Here is my card and may I have your names and your home addresses? You are summering here?"

Margaret nodded and gave her name and Henry's, as well as their home ad-



THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button MUST SEND A TWO-CENT STAMP when requesting another.

1053 WEST 14TH STREET,
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

Dear Miss Buck:—We are members of the Church School of the First Unitarian Church in Wilmington, Delaware. We meet every Sunday at quarter of eleven while the parents are meeting in church service with our minister, Mr. Vrooman.

Last year, at Thanksgiving time, we had a vegetable offering for the needy ones of the city. Then at Christmas time we gave a play called "The Christmas Message" in which we all had a part. The message was taken from Dickens' "Christmas Carol"—"A Merry Christmas to all and God Bless You Every One." We also had a Christmas tree and party in which our folks joined us.

Then at Easter time we sang two songs in

dresses, wondering why these were wanted.

"You'll hear from me before long, and your folks will, too," the brown young driver repeated. "I hope you'll like what comes." Then he shook hands and hurried up the hill after his red-faced little father.

"Hm!" growled Henry, "he sounds decent, anyway. Say cousin, let's go home. This is likely the biggest washout and it's corked beyond danger of further harm. Come on home."

Some few weeks later, there arrived at the home address of each cousin a fine household moving picture machine made by the Kenneth McCormack Company, and a letter saying one picture a month might be selected from the enclosed list, as long as they chose.

A Bit of Dogma

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

OUR puppy just loves to get after a cat; Perhaps all the dogs in the world are like that. Way down in the ocean, I haven't a doubt, The dogfish go chasing the catfish about.

—Youth's Companion.

A Test of Broad-mindedness

BY J. E. RUSSELL

YUKI Furuta, a Japanese girl, was selected as a Commencement speaker in a California high school. The girl was chosen on her merits alone. Her record had never been equalled in the history of the School, and there was no doubt as to her being entitled to the honor. And yet the American students in the School protested against her appointment because she was a Japanese.

church. We are now looking forward to our annual picnic.

We enjoy *The Beacon* very much. Signed, Alice Warner, Alden Irons, Margaret Quinn, Billy Bradford, Margaret Stone, Kirk Quinn, Adelaide Mahoney, Alfred Warner, Charles Mills Ernst.

30 SOUTH STREET,
PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am fourteen years old and I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Mr. Hussey. There are eight boys in our class. We have great fun with our teacher. I am in the eighth grade in school and I should like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
HORACE B. ESTES.

38 LOCUST ST.,
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

My dear Miss Buck:—I am thirteen years old and I go to the Unitarian Church. Our minister is Rev. E. H. Cotton. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy the Recreation Corner.

Yours truly,
BETTY HAWLEY.

They threatened to absent themselves from the graduating exercises if Yuki Furuta was given Commencement honors.

Could there be anything more petty, more narrow-minded, more lacking in a democratic spirit, more un-American than the attitude of these California students? If they had worked as hard as she they might have won high honors themselves, but now because of race prejudice they are seeking to rob this Japanese girl of that which she has fairly deserved.

What is needed, if the nations of the world are to get along harmoniously and be able to put an end to strife and war, is broad-mindedness. What hope is there for a warless world if high school students will not look at things in a large way? As the Washington Conference made clear, one of the gravest menaces to world peace lies in the Far East. Japan fears the United States just as much as certain Americans fear Japan. Moreover, the attitude of these high school students is surely evidence of a spirit which must make Japan dislike and fear this country. If world peace is to become an accomplished fact in the near future everything depends upon the rising generation, upon the young people now in high school. In broad-mindedness, then, lies the possibility that our students may make a real contribution to ending wars forever.

Some Good Things To Be

BE like the sun, that pours its ray To glad and glorify the day. Be like the moon, that sheds its light To bless and beautify the night. Be like the stars, that sparkle on, Although the sun and moon be gone. Be like the skies, that steadfast are, Though absent sun and moon and star.

—Our Dumb Animals.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA VI.

I am composed of 16 letters and am an old English maxim.

My 9, 7, 8, 11, is the basis of a sermon.

My 2, 1, 5, is a poem.

My 6, 2, 14, 16, is not any.

My 4, 3, and 9, 12, 13, are ancient forms of pronouns.

My 15, 2, 1, is the name of deity.

My 11, 10, 6, 11, is a shelter much used in early times.

J. W.

ENIGMA VII.

I am composed of 51 letters.

My 37, 31, 27, 19, 13, is an article.

My 44, 16, 18, 33, is a period of time.

My 1, 29, 43, 9, 32, 47, means at a distance.

My 15, 39, 25, 6, 12, is strength.

My 17, 20, 30, 22, is a fable.

My 4, 11, 24, 41, is a music.

My 7, 26, 49, 10, 3, 50, is helpful.

My 21, 5, 36, 46, means you.

My 51, 2, 23, 8, is to defeat.

My 14, 40, is not out.

My 34, 38, 42, 35, is part of the leg.

My 28, 45, is negative.

My 48, is a consonant.

My whole was said by a wise teacher.

D. H.

A SECOND BASKET OF BERRIES

1. The berry which was worn earlier than others.

2. The berry which may be a source of light.

3. The berry which suggests Christmas.

4. The berry which suggests Thanksgiving.

5. The berry which is a shy dweller in the woods.

6. The berry which plays a game.

7. The berry which is an obstacle to progress.

—The Wellspring

HIDDEN BIRDS

1. His matches and pipe remained on the shelf.

2. A golden guinea he never saw.

3. Fire was flaming out of the chimney.

4. Did you see that cur Lewis found?

5. Suddenly on Jack dawned the truth.

6. The oratorio leads all music.

7. That beacon Doris lighted.

8. We landed on the open Guinea coast.

9. Notice the moon; on one part ridges are to be seen.

EASY WORD SQUARE

1. A fuss.

2. A noise.

3. A numeral.

E. S. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 2.

ENIGMA II.—Boston Harbor.

ENIGMA III.—John of Olden Barneveld.

DIVIDED WORDS.—1. Thoughtless. 2. Hobnail. 3. Bumpkin. 4. Dreadnaught. 5. Brother.

ANACRAM.—Columbus sailed the ocean blue in 1492.

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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